

MUSIC

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H. M. S.
PINAFORE

OR,

The Lass that Loved a Sailor.

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL NAUTICAL COMIC OPERA
IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.	<i>First Lord of the Admiralty.</i>
Capt. Corcoran	<i>Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore.</i>
Ralph Rackstraw	<i>Able Seaman.</i>
Dick Deadeye	<i>Able Seaman.</i>
Bill Bobstay	<i>Boatswain's Mate.</i>
Bob Becket	<i>Carpenter's Mate.</i>
Tom Tucker	<i>Midshipmite.</i>
Sergeant of Marines.	
Josephine	<i>The Captain's Daughter.</i>
Hebe.....	<i>Sir Joseph's First Cousin.</i>
Little Buttercup	<i>A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman.</i>

First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines, &c.

SCENE—QUARTERDECK OF H.M.S. PINAFORE, OFF PORTSMOUTH

ACT I. - Noon. ACT II. - Night.

First produced at the Opera Comique Theatre, on Saturday, May 25th, 1878, by the Comedy Opera Company (Limited), MR. R. D'OYLY CARTE, Manager.

H. M. S. "PINAFORE."

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W. M. S. "Pinafore:"

OR,

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR.

No. 1.

OPENING CHORUS.

Allegretto Pesante.

PIANO. *ff*

con 8va.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of six systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto Pesante'. The first two staves of the first system are marked 'ff' (fortissimo). The third staff of the first system is marked 'con 8va.' (with octave). The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a change in dynamics to 'p' (piano) and includes triplets. The fourth system continues with triplets. The fifth system features a change in dynamics to 'p' (piano). The sixth system concludes the piece with a 'Staccato' marking.

Staccato.

cres. *cres. molto.*

cres. *cres. molto.*

cres. *cres. molto.*

BASSI. *f*

We sail the c - ean blue, And our sau - ey ship's a beau-ty; We're so - ber men and true, And at -

cres. *cres. molto.*

TENORI.

When the balls whis - tle free o'er the bright blue sea We stand to our guns all

- ten - tive to our du - ty. When the balls whis - tle free o'er the bright blue sea We stand to our guns all

cres. *cres. molto.*

day. When at an - chor we ride On the Ports - mouth tide We've plen - ty of time for play, A - hoy! A -

day. When at an - chor we ride On the Ports - mouth tide We've plen - ty of time for play.

- hoy! A - hoy! A - hoy! We stand to our guns, to our guns all

The balls whis - tle free O'er the bright blue sea We stand to our guns, to our guns all

day. We sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a beau - ty; We're

day. We sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a beau - ty; We're

con Sva.

so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty; Our sau - cy ship's a beau - ty, We're at -

so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty; Our sau - cy ship's a beau - ty, We're at -

con Sva. *ff* *con Sva.*

- ten - tive to our du - ty; We're so - ber men and true, We sail the o - - - cean

- ten - tive to our du - ty; We're so - ber men and true, We sail the o - - - cean

8va. *con 8va.*

blue.

blue.

No. 2.

RECITATIVE & SONG—Mrs. Cripps.

MRS. CRIPPS. RECIT.

Hail! men-o'-wars-men, safe-guards of your na - tion!

Here is an end at last of all pri - va - tion!

PIANO.

f

You've got your pay; spare all you can af-ford

To wel - come lit - tle But - ter - cup on board.

attaca

Allegretto.

PIANO. *f*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *Allegretto* and *f* (forte). It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

SONG. MRS. CRIPPS.

I'm called lit - tle But - ter - cup, Dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Though I could ne - ver tell why;

p

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part is marked *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "I'm called lit - tle But - ter - cup, Dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Though I could ne - ver tell why;"

But still I'm call'd But - ter - cup, Poor lit - tle But - ter - cup, Sweet lit - tle But - ter - cup I.

The second system continues the song with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "But still I'm call'd But - ter - cup, Poor lit - tle But - ter - cup, Sweet lit - tle But - ter - cup I."

I've snuff and to - bac - cy, And ex - cel - lent jack - y; I've scis - sors, and watch - es, and knives;

The third system continues the song. The lyrics are: "I've snuff and to - bac - cy, And ex - cel - lent jack - y; I've scis - sors, and watch - es, and knives;"

I've rib - bons and la - ces To set off the fa - ces Of pret - ty young sweet - hearts and wives.

The fourth system concludes the song. The lyrics are: "I've rib - bons and la - ces To set off the fa - ces Of pret - ty young sweet - hearts and wives."

I've trea - cle and tof - fee, I've tea and I've cof - fee, Soft tom - my and suc - cu - lent chops;

rall.
I've chick - ens and co - nies, And pret - ty po - lo - nies, And ex - cel - lent pe - per - mint drops. . . .

a tempo.

. . . Then buy of your But - ter - cup, Dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Sail - ors should ne - ver be shy—

a tempo.

So buy of your But - ter - cup, Poor lit - tle But - ter - cup, Come, of your But - ter - cup buy.

colla voce.

con 8va.

con 8va.

No. 2a.

RECITATIVE—Mrs. Cripps & Boatswain.

MRS. CRIPPS. RECIT.

But tell me who's the youth whose fal-t'ring feet With dif-fi-cul-ty bear him on his course?

PIANO.

BOATSWAIN.

That is the smart-est lad in all the fleet— Ralph Rack-straw.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Ralph! That name! Re-morse! re-morse!

sf *Attaca.*

No. 3.

SCENA—Ralph & Chorus.

RALPH.

The Night-in-gale

Andante.

PIANO.

sigh'd for the moon's bright ray, And told his tale . . in his own me-lo-dious

way.

tr. . . He sang Ah, well-a-day. He sang Ah, well-a-day. The

CHO. TENORS.

BASSES.

pp *f* *dim.* *p*

low - ly vale . . for the moun - tain vain - ly sighed ; To his hum - ble wail the

e - cho-ing hills re - plied, And sang Ah, well - a - day ! and sang Ah, well - a -

CHORUS. *pp*

day. I know the va - lue of a kind - ly cho - rus, But cho - rus - es yield lit - tle con so -

RALPH.

con 8va.

- la - tion When we have pain, and sor - row too, be - fore us ! I love, and love, a - las ! a - bove my

sta - tion. He loves, and loves a lass a - bove his sta - tion ! Yes, yes, the lass is much a - bove his sta - tion.

MRS. CRIPPS. CHORUS. *unis.*

ARIA.

Andante moderato.

RALPH.

A mai-den fair to see, The pearl of min-strel-sy; A

PIANO.

Ped.

*

bud of blush - ing beau - ty

For whom proud no - bles sigh, And with each o - ther vie, To do her me - nial's

*con Sva.**p* CHO.

RALPH.

du - ty. To do her me-nial's du - ty.

A sui - tor low - ly born, With hope - less pas - sion torn, And

*p**pp*

poor be - yond con - ceal - ing— Hath dar'd for her to pine, At whose ex - al - ted shrine A world of wealth is

Sva.

CHORUS.

RALPH.

kneel - ing. A world of wealth is kneel - ing. Un - learn - ed he in aught Save that which love hath taught, For

*p**pp*

rall. *rall.*

Love hath been his tu - tor. Oh, pi - ty, pi - ty me! Our cap - tain's daugh - ter, she, and I that low - ly

con Sza.

sui - tor! Oh, pi - ty, pi - ty me, our cap - tain's daugh - ter, she, and I that low - ly

CHORUS OF MEN.
TENORS.

pp And he, and he, that low - ly

BASSES.

pp And he, and he, that low - ly

pp

con Sza.

suit - or.

suit - or.

suit - or.

f

Sza. *Ped.*

No. 4.

RECIT., SONG & CHORUS—Captain C.

RECIT. CAPTAIN C.

My gal-lant crew, good morning!

Allegretto.

PIANO, *ff*

I hope you're all quite well.

CHORUS. TENORS & BASSES.

Sir, good morn - ing! Quite well, and

f

8va.

I am in rea - son - a - ble health, And hap - py to meet you all once more.

you, sir?

p *f*

8va.

You do us proud, sir!

ff

con 8va.

1. I

con 8va.

8va.

am the cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore*, You're
do my best to sa-tis-fy you all. You're ex -

CHORUS OF MEN.

1. And a right good cap-tain too!
2. And with you we're quite con-tent!

p *f* *p*

ve-ry, ve-ry good, And, be it un-der-stood, I com-mand a right good crew.
-ceed-ing-ly po-lite, And I think it on-ly right To re-turn the com-pli-ment.

We're
We're ex -

f

Tho' re -
lad

ve - ry, ve - ry good, And, be it un - der - stood, He com - mands a right good crew,
- ceed - ing - ly po - lite, And he thinks it on - ly right: To re - turn the com - pli - ment.

- la - ted to a peer, I can hand. reef, and steer, Or ship a sel - va - gee; I am
lan - guage or a - buse I ne - ver, ne - ver use, What e - ver the e - mer - gen - cy; Though

ne - ver known to quail At the fu - ry of a gale, And I'm ne - ver, ne - ver sick at
"both - er it" I may . . . Oc - ca - sion - al - ly say, I ne - ver use a big, big

Tenor
 Bass
 What de-ter? What de-ter? What de-ter? What de-ter?

Then give three cheers and one cheer more For the cap-tain of the bar- by

Then give three cheers and one cheer more For the cap-tain of the bar- by

1st Solo. 2nd Solo.

No. 4a.

RECIT.—Mrs. Cripps & Captain Corcoran.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Sir, you are sad; the si-lent e-loquence of yon-der tear, That trem-bles on your eye-lash,

Pro-claims a sor-row far more deep than com-mon; Con-fide in me; fear not, I am a mo-ther!

CAPTAIN C.

Yes, lit-tle But-ter-cup, I'm sad and sor-ry,

My daugh-ter Jo-se-phine, the fair-est flower That e-ver blos-somed on an-ces-tral

tim - ber, Is sought in marriage by Sir Jo - seph Por - ter, Our Ad - mi - ral - ty's First Lord;

p *f*

But for some rea - son she does not seem to tac - kle kind - ly to it.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Ah, poor Sir Jo - seph! Ah, I know too well . . . the

Tempo moderato.

an - guish of a heart that loves but vain - ly! But see! here comes your

CAPTAIN C.

most at - trac - tive daugh - ter; I go, — fare - well! A plump and plea - sing per - son.

Segue aria.

No. 5.

SONG—Josephine.

Andante.

Sor-ry her lot . . . who loves too

well, Hea-vy the heart . . that hopes but vain - ly; Sad . . are the sighs that own the spell Utter'd by

eyes . . that speak too plain - ly. Sor-ry her lot . . who loves too well, Hea-vy the heart that hopes but

rall. *Un poco animato.* *cres.*

vain - ly. Hea - vy the sor - row that bows the head, When love is a - live and

rall. *p* *cres.*

hope is dead, When love is a - live and hope . . . is dead.

f *colla voce.* *p* *f*

PIANO.

Sad is the hour . . . when sets the

sun, Sad is the night . . . to earth's poor daugh - ters, When to the ark the wea - ried one Flies from the

emp - . . ty waste of wa - ters. Sad is the hour . . when sets the sun, Sad is the night to earth's poor

rall. *Un poco animato.* *cres.*
daugh - ters Hea - vy the sor - row that bows the head, When love is a - live and

hope . . is dead, When love . . . is a live, And hope . . and hope is dead.

No. 6.

CHORUS OF WOMEN (Behind the Scenes).

1ST & 2ND SOPRANOS. *p*

Andantino.

PIANO.

p *cres.* *f*

O - ver the bright blue sea Comes Sir Jo - - seph Por - ter, K. C. B., Wher -

- e - - ver he may go . . . Bang, bang the loud nine poun-ders go ; Shout o'er the bright blue

f

sea, . . . For Sir Jo - seph Por - ter, K. C. B. Shout . . . o'er the bright blue sea, . . . For Sir

p *f*

Jo - seph Por - ter, K. C. B., For Sir Jo - seph Por - ter, K. C. B.

dim. *p* *dim.* *p* *pp*

No. 7.

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

BASSES. *p*

Allegretto come prima.

P.A.N.O. *pp Staccato.*

Sir Joseph's barge is seen, And his crowd of blush-ing beau-ty; We hope he'll find us

***p* TENORS.**

We sail, we sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a

clean And at - ten - tive to our du - ty; We sail, we sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a

cres.

beau - ty; We're so - ber, so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty, So - ber, so - ber men and

cres.

beau - ty; We're so - ber, so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty, So - ber, so - ber men and

cres. *cres. molto.*

true. *ff* We're smart and so - ber men, And quite de - void of fe - ar, In all the Ro - yal

true. *ff* We're smart and so - ber men, And quite de - void of fe - ar, In all the Ro - yal

N. None are so smart as we are.

N. None are so smart as we are.

p *p*

SOPRANOS.

Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skip - ping, Flock the maidens to the shipping; Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly

p

skip - ping, Flock the maid - ens to the ship - ping.

TENORS & BASSES.

Flags, and guns, and pen - nants dip - ping, All the

Sai - lors spright - ly, al - ways right - ly Wel - come la - dies so po -

la - dies love the ship - ping.

- - lite - ly.

La - dies who can smile so bright - ly Sai - lors wel - come most po - lite - ly,

Sai - lors spright - ly al - ways right - ly Wel - come la - dies so po -

wel - come most po - lite - ly.

SOPRANOS.
- - lite - - ly. Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skip - ping, Flock the mai - dens to the

TENORS.
We're smart and so - ber men, And quite de - void of

BASSES.
Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skip - ping, Flock the mai - dens to the

Legato.
ship - ping, Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skip - ping, Flock the mai - dens to the ship; Sai - lors

Legato.
fe - ar, In all the Roy - al N. None are so smart as we are; La - dies

Legato.
ship - ping, Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skip - ping, Flock the mai - dens to the ship; Sai - lors

mf

spright - ly al - ways right - ly Wel - come la - dies so po - lite
 TENORS & BASSES.

who can smile so bright - ly Sai - lers wel - come most po - lite

dim. *p*

ly, so po - lite - ly. Gai - ly trip - ping,
 ly, most po - lite - ly. Gai - ly trip - ping,

pp

light - ly skip - ping, Sai - lers al - ways wel - come la - dies most po - lite
 light - ly skip - ping, Sai - lers al - ways wel - come la - dies most po - lite

cres. *f* *dim.*

- ly. *p*
 - ly. *p*
 - ly. *p*

No. 8. Sir Joseph, Cousin Hebe, Boatswain & Chorus.

CAPTAIN C. *a tempo.*

Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way, Hurrah! Hur-rah! Hur-ray! Hur-ray! Hur-ray!

CHORUS. *f* SOPRANO.

f Hur-ray! Hur-ray! Hur-ray!

f BASS. Hur-ray! Hur-ray! Hur-ray!

Moderato.

mf

f a tempo.

PIANO.

SIR J. PORTER. *Vivace.*

I am the mon-arch of the sea, The ru-ler of the Queen's Na-vee, Whose praise great Bri-tain

Vivace.

p

COUSIN HEBE.

loud-ly chants; And we are his sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts.

CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

And we are his sis-ters and his

TENORS & BASSES.

And they are his sis-ters and his

cres.

His sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts. When at
 cou - sins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts.
 cou - sins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts.

f *p*

an - chor here I ride, My bo - som swells with pride, And I snap my fin - gers at a

COUSIN HEBE.

foe man's taunts. And so do his sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts.

SOPRANOS,
 And so do his sis - ters and his
 TENORS & BASSES.
 And so do his sis - ters and his

cres.

SIR J. PORTER.

His sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts. But
 cou - sins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts.
 cou - sins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts.

f *p* *dim.*

when the breez - es blow I gen - e - ral - ly go be - low, And seek the se - clu - sion that a

pp

COUSIN HEBE.

ca - bin grants. And so do his sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts,

SOPRANOS.

And so do his sis - ters and his

cres. And so do his sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts, His *f*

cres. cou - sins and his aunts. And so do his sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts, His *f*

TENORS AND BASSES. *cres.* And so do his sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts, His *f*

sis - ters and his cou - sins, Whom he reck - ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts.

sis - ters and his cou - sins, Whom he reck - ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts.

sis - ters and his cou - sins, Whom he reck - ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts.

f

Attacca.

No. 9.

SONG—Sir J. Porter & Chorus.

Allegro non troppo.

PIANO.

SIR. J. P.

1. When I was a lad I serv'd a term As of - fice boy to an At - tor - ney's firm. I
 2. As of - fice boy I made such a mark That they gave me the post of a ju - nior clerk. I

cleaned the win - dows and I swept the floor, And I po - lish'd up the han - dle of the big front door.
 served the writs with a smile so bland, And I co - pied all the let - ters in a big round hand.

CHORUS.

He

He

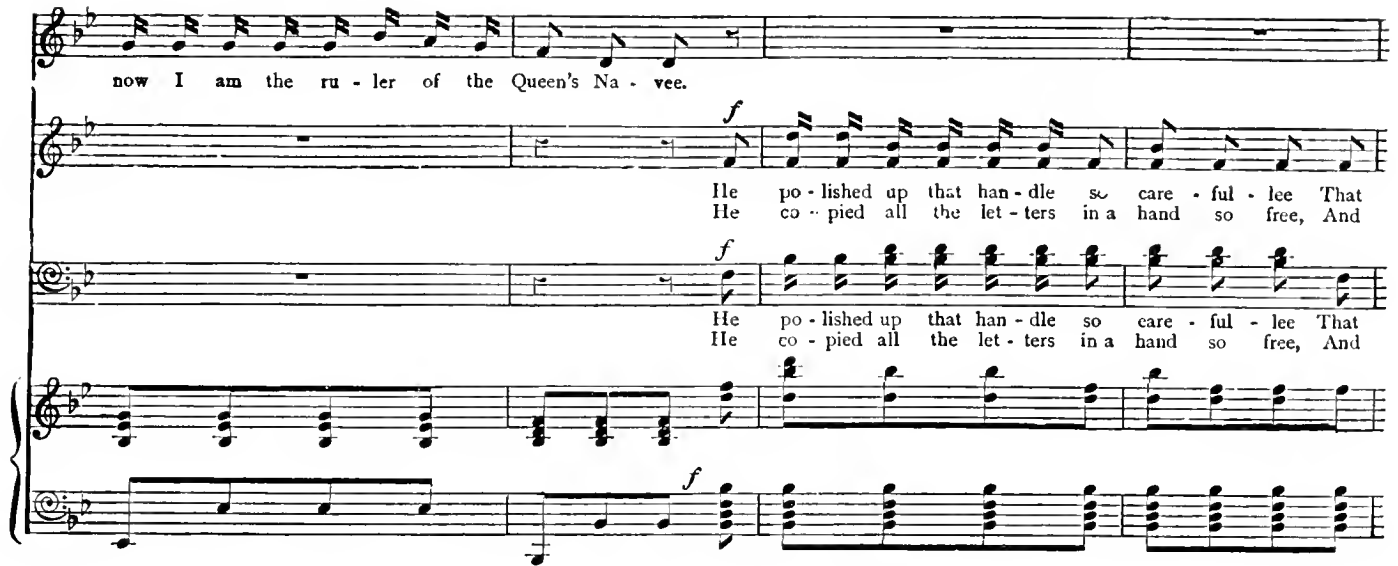
He

He

I po - lish'd up that han - dle so care - ful - lee, That
 I co - pied all the let - ters in a hand so free, And

po - lish'd up the han - dle of the big front door.
 co - pied all the let - ters in a big round hand.

po - lish'd up the han - dle of the big front door.
 co - pied all the let - ters in a big round hand.



now I am the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.

f
He po - lished up that han - dle so care - ful - lee That
He co - pied all the let - ters in a hand so free, And

f
He po - lished up that han - dle so care - ful - lee That
He co - pied all the let - ters in a hand so free, And



now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.

now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.

f



3. In serving writs I made such a name
That an articulated clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a brand new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute.
And that pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.
CHORUS.—And that pass examination, &c.

4. Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership,
And that junior partnership I ween
Was the on - ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee
CHORUS.—But that kind, &c.

5. I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little they rewarded me,
By making me the ruler of the Queen's Navee.
CHORUS.—He thought so little, &c.

6. Now landmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule, —
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee
CHORUS.—Stick close, &c

No. 9a.

EXIT FOR LADIES.

SIR JOSEPH.

Vivace.

PIANO.

For I hold that on the seas The ex - press - sion "if you

COUSIN HEBE.

please " A par - ti - cu - lar - ly gen - tle - man - ly tone im - plants. And so do his sis - ters, and his

cou-sins, and his aunts.

SOPRANOS.

TENORS & BASSES.

And so do his sis - ters, and his cou - sins, and his aunts ! His sis - ters, and his cou - sins, Whom he

And so do his sis - ters, and his cou - sins, and his aunts ! His sis - ters, and his cou - sins, Whom he

cres.

reck - ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts !

reck - ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts !

No. 10. TRIO & CHORUS—Ralph, Boatswain, & Boatswain's-mate.

R. RALPH.

1. A Bri - tish tar is a
2. His eyes should flash with an
BOATSWAIN.

1. A Bri - tish tar is a
2. His eyes should flash with an
BOATSWAIN'S-MATE.

1. A Bri - tish tar is a
2. His eyes should flash with an

Moderato.

PIANO.

soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain bird ;..... His en - er - ge - tic fist Should be
in - born fire, His brow as with scorn be wrung ; He ne - ver should bow down To a

soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain bird ;..... His en - er - ge - tic fist Should be
in - born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung ; He ne - ver should bow down To a

soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain bird ; His en - er - ge - tic fist Should be
in - born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung ; He ne - ver should bow down To a

rea - dy to re - sist A dic - ta - to - rial word ; And his
dom - i - neer - ing frown, Or the tang of a ty - rant tongue ; And his

rea - dy to re - sist A dic - ta - to - rial word ; His nose should pant,
dom - i - neer - ing frown, Or the tang of a ty - rant tongue ; His foot should stamp,

rea - dy to re - sist A dic - ta - to - rial word ; His nose should pant, And his
dom - i - neer - ing frown, Or the tang of a ty - rant tongue ; His foot should stamp, And his

lip should curl, And his brow should furl, And his
throat should growl, And his face should scowl, And his

His cheeks should flame, His bosom should heave,
His hair should twirl, His eyes should flash,

lips . . . should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his brow should furl, And his bosom should
throat . . . should growl, His hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, And his eyes should

rall. CHORUS. SOP.
heart should glow, And his fist be e - ver rea - dy For a knock - down blow. His
breast pro - - trude, And this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry at - - ti - - tude. His

rall. TENORS & BASSES.
And his fist be e - ver rea - dy For a knock - down blow. His
And this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry at - - ti - - tude. His

rall.
heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist e - ver rea - dy For a knock - down
flash, And his breast pro - - trude, And this his Cus - tom - a - ry at - - ti -

p

Piu vivace. *cres.*
nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his brow should furl, His
foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, His

cres.
nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his brow should furl, His
foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, His

blow.
tude.
Piu vivace. *cres.*

bo - som should heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist be e - ver rea - dy For a
 eyes should flash, And his breast pro - trude, And this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry

crea

knock-down blow.
 at - ti - tude.

knock - down blow.
 at - ti - tude.

Vivace.

No. 11.

DUET—Josephine & Ralph.

Allegro con brio.

f JOSEPHINE.

Re - frain, au - da - cious tar, Your suit from press - ing; Re -

PIANO.

f

fp

mem - ber what you are, And whom ad - dress - ing, Re - frain, au - da - cious tar, Your suit from press - ing; Re -

member what you are, And whom ad - dress - ing, Re - frain, au - da - cious tar, Re - mem - ber what you are.

p

p (*aside.*) *Un poco piu lento.*

I'd laugh my rank to scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more high - ly born O: I more

p

cres. *dim.* *p* *ritard.*

low - ly, I'd laugh my rank to scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more highly born Or I more low - ly.

mf *dim.* *Colla voce.* *pp*

RALPH.

Proud la - dy, have your way, Un - feel - ing beau - ty! You

Tempo. 1mo. *ff* *p*

Speak, and I o - bey, It is my du - ty; I am the low - liest tar that ploughs the wa - ter, And

you, proud maiden, are my cap - tain's daugh - ter; Proud la - dy, have your way, You speak, and I o - bey.

p (aside.) *Un poco più lento.*

My heart, with an - guish torn, Bows down be - fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I a -

cres. *dim.* *p* *rit.*

- dore her, My heart, with an-guish torn, Bows down be - fore her. She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I a -

mf *dim.* *colla voce.*

tempo 1mo. f JOSEPHINE

- dore her. Re - frain, au - da-cious tar, Your suit from press - ing.

f RALPH,

Proud la - dy, have your way, Un - feel - ing

p piu lento.

I'd laugh my rank to scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more high - ly born... Or

p piu lento.

beau - ty! My heart with an-guish torn, Bows down be - fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, Yet

p piu lento

rit. *pp*

I more low - ly.

rit. *pp*

I a - dore . her.

rit. *pp* *p*

No. 12.

FINALE.

RALPH. RECIT.

Can I sur-vive this o-ver-bear-ing? Or live a life of mad des-pair-ing? My

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO. *fp*

prof-fer'd love des-pis'd, re-ject-ed? No, no, it's not to be ex-pect-ed!

f a tempo. *Segue Finale.*

RALPH.

Mess-mates a-hoy! come here! come here!

ff SOPRANOS.

Aye, aye, my boy! what cheer! what cheer!

TENORS & BASSES.

Aye, aye, my boy! what cheer! what cheer!

Allegro con brio.

ff

RALPH.

The mai-den treats my

Come, tell us pray, without de-lay, what does she say? What cheer! what cheer!

Come, tell us pray, without de-lay, what does she say? What cheer! what cheer!

ff *p*

suit with scorn, Re - jects my hum - ble gift, my la - dy. She says I am ig - no - bly born, And

cuts my hope a - drift, my la - dy.

DEADEYE.

She spurns my love! O -

Oh! cru - el one! oh! cru - el one!

Oh! cru - el one! oh! cru - el one!

f COUSIN HEBE.

Shall they sub-mit? are they but slaves?

f BOATSWAIN.

- ho! O - ho! I told you so! I told you so!

Shall we sub-mit? are we but slaves?

f CHORUS.

Shall we sub-mit? are we but slaves?

Shall we sub-mit? are we but slaves?

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lers rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lers rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lers rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lers rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

DEADEYE.

You must sub - mit, you are but slaves; A la - dy she! O - ho! O - ho! You low - ly

No! no!

No! no!

p *p* *fp*

SOPRANOS.

toi - lers of the waves, She spurns you all— I told you so! Shall they sub - mit? are they but slaves?

TENORS & BASSES.

Shall we sub - mit? are we but slaves?

p *pp* *cres.*

COUSIN HEBE.



BOATSWAIN.



DEADEYE.



SOPRANOS.



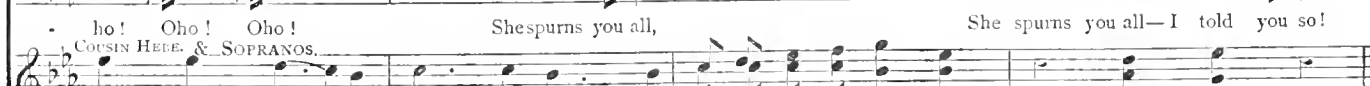
TENORS & BASSES.



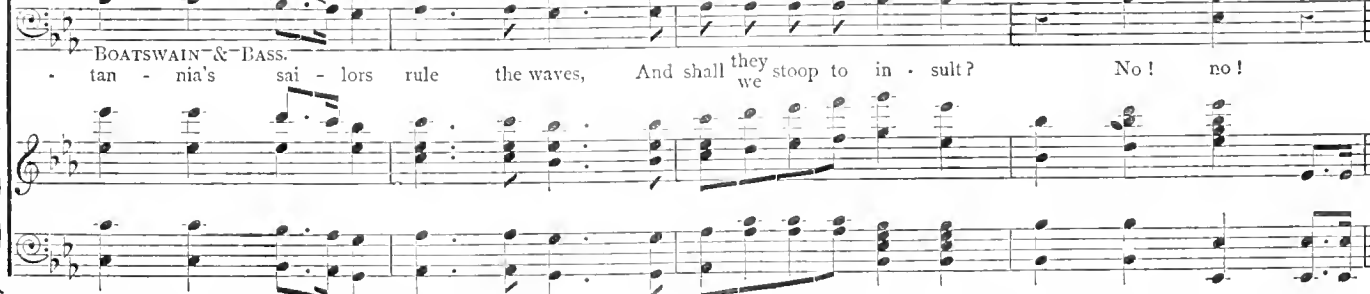
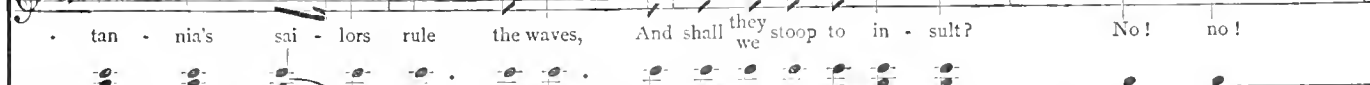
DEAD.



COUSIN HEBE, & SOPRANOS.



BOATSWAIN & BASS.



RALPH.



p CHORUS.

well! Of life, a-las, his leave he's tak-ing, For ah! his faith-ful heart is break-ing, When he is
Of life, a-las, his leave he's tak-ing, For ah! his faith-ful heart is break-ing, When he is

that, as he died, he lov'd her well. RALPH.
gone we'll sure-ly tell The maid as he died, he lov'd her well. Be
gone we'll sure-ly tell The maid as he died, he lov'd her well.

warn'd, my mess-mates all Who love in rank a-bove you— For Jo-seph-ine I fall!

JOSEPHINE. RECIT.

Tutti. CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

Ah! stay your hand! I love you! TENORS & BASSES. Ah! stay your hand— she loves you!

RALPH. JOSEPHINE. SOPRANOS, *f*
TENORS & BASSES.
Loves me? Loves you! Yes! Yes! Ah yes! she loves you!

JOSEPHINE. *Allegro vivace.*

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-for-seen, The cloud-ed sky is now se-rene, The God of day—the

COUSIN HEBE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-for-seen, The cloud-ed sky is now se-rene, The God of day—the

RALPH.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-for-seen, The cloud-ed sky is now se-rene, The God of day—the

p *Allegro vivace.*

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove, The sky is all a-blaze.

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove, The sky is all a-blaze.

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove, The sky is all a-blaze. With woo-ing words and

I'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the mai-den coy, He'll mur-mur forth de-

He'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the mai-den coy, He'll mur-mur forth de-

lov-ingsong, I'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if I find the mai-den coy, I'll mur-mur forth de-

p

cor - - ous joy In drea - - - - my roun - de - lays!

cor - - ous joy In drea - - - - my roun - de - lays!

cor - - ous joy In drea - - - - my roun - de - lays! DEAD EYE.

He thinks he's

f *p*

won his Jo - seph - ine, But tho' the sky seems now se - rene, A frown - ing thun - der bolt a - bove May end their

stacc.

all - as - sor - ted love Which now is all a - blaze. Our cap - tain ere a day is gone Will

be ex - tremely down up - on The wick - ed men who art em - ploy To make his Jo - seph - ine less coy In

cres.

JOSEPHINE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-for-seen, The cloud-ed sky is now se-rene, The

COUSIN HEBE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-for-seen, The cloud-ed sky is now se-rene, The

RALPH.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-for-seen, The cloud-ed sky is now se-rene, The

ma-ny va-rious ways.

Our captain soon, unless I'm wrong, Will be ex-

God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove, The sky is

God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove, The sky is

God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove, The sky is

. . . tre-me-ly down up-on The wick-ed men who art employ, Will be ex-tre-m-ly down up-on The wick-ed

cre-scen-do.

all a - - - - - blaze, is all a - -

all a - - - - - blaze, is all a - -

all a - - - - - blaze, is all a - -

men, will be ex-tre-m-ly down up-on the men In ma-ny va-rious ways, In ma-ny va-rious

blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is all, is all a -
 blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is all, is all a -
 blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is all, is all a -
 ways, Our cap-tain soon will be ex-tremely down up-on The wick-ed men in ma - ny va - rious
 cre - - - - - scent - - - - - do,

blaze This ve - ry night, With -
 blaze With ba - ted breath,
 blaze And muf - fled oar,
 ways
pp staccato.

out a light, A cler - gy - man
 As still as death
 We'll steal a - shore. Shall make us one
 BOATSWAIN.
 At

JOSEPHINE. And then we can

BOATSWAIN. Can part them then!

RALPH. Re - turn, for none

JOSEPHINE. COUSIN HERE. This ve - ry night, With

CHORUS. *p* This ve - ry night, With

This ve - ry night, With

RALPH. JOSEPHINE. COUSIN HERE. RALPH. JOSEPHINE.

ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar - With - out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

ba - ted breath And muf - fled car - With - out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar - With - out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

RALPH. COUSIN HERE. JOSEPHINE. RALPH. COUSIN HERE.

cler - gy - man Shall make us one At half - past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none Can

BOATSWAIN. At half - past ten, Can

cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten, And then they can Re - turn, for none Can

cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten, And then they can Re - turn, for none Can

JOSEPHINE.

This ve - ry night With ba - ted breath And muffled oar, Without a light As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler - gy -

part them then! This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar— With -

RALPH.

This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar— With -

DEADEYE.

This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar— With -

part them then! This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar— With -

part them then! This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muffled oar, Without a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler - gy -

part them then! This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar— With -

rempi p e stacc.

- man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none Can part us then! A cler - gy -

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

- man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re - turn, for none Can part them then! A cler - gy -

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none Can part us then! This ve-ry

cler-gy-man Shall make them one At half-past ten. This ve-ry

cler-gy-man Shall make us one At half-past ten. This ve-ry

cler-gy-man Shall make them one At half-past ten. This ve-ry

cler-gy-man Shall make them one At half-past ten. This ve-ry

man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can re-turn, for none Can part them then! This ve-ry

cler-gy-man Shall make them one At half-past ten. This ve-ry

cres.

night, With ba-ted breath And muf-fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler-gy-

night, With ba-ted breath And muf-fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler-gy-

night, With ba-ted breath And muf-fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler-gy-

night With ba-ted breath And muf-fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler-gy-

night, With ba-ted breath and muf-fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler-gy-

night, With ba-ted breath and muf-fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler-gy-

night, With ba-ted breath and muf-fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler-gy-

night, With ba-ted breath and muf-fled oar—With-out a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A cler-gy-

man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none, none, part us then!

man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none, part them then!

man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none, none, part us then!

man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none, none Can part them then!

man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none, none Can part them then!

man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none, none Can part them then!

man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none, none Can part them then!

man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none, none Can part them then!

DEADEYE.

For

pp

RECIT. *Moderato.*

bear, nor carry out the scheme you've plann'd, She is a la - dy— you a fore-mast hand! Re - mem - ber, she's your

gal-lant cap-tain's daughter, And you the mean-est slave that crawls the wa - - ter! Back, ver - min, *f* CHORUS. Tutti.

back, Nor mock us! Back, ver - min, back, You shock us! *Allegro con brio.*

SOPRANOS. *f*
Let's give three cheers for the sai - lor's bride Who casts all thought of rank a - side— Who
TENORS & BASSES. *f*
Let's give three cheers for the sai - lor's bride Who casts all thought of rank a - side— Who

gives up home and for - tune too, For the ho - nest love of a sai - lor true! Tra, la, la, la, la,
gives up home and for - tune too, For the ho - nest love of a sai - lor true! Tra, la, la, la, la,

[illegible][illegible]

The image displays a page from a musical score for 'The Wedding March' by Robert Schumann. The score is written for four parts: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two piano staves (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in a major key, indicated by the one flat and the overall character. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics 'la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Let's give three cheers for the sail - lor's bride, Who casts all thought of'. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation, featuring chords and melodic lines that complement the vocal melody. The score is presented in a clear, legible format with standard musical notation, including notes, rests, and bar lines.

rank a - side—Who gives up home and for - tune too For the ho - nest love of a sai - lor true !

rank a - side—Who gives up home and for - tune too For the ho - nest love of a sai - lor true



JOSEPHINE, COUSIN HEBE & SOPRANOS. *Vivace.*

For a Bri - tish tar is a soar - ing soul As free as a moun-tain bird; His

TENORS & BASSES.



in - born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung; He ne-ver should bow down to a dom - i - neering frown, Or the

tang of a ty - rant tongue.

RALPH, DEADEYE, BOATSWAIN.

TENORS & BASSES *Unison*.
His nose should pant and his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame and his

brow should furl, His bo - som should heave and his heart should glow, And his fist be e - ver rea - dy for a

cres.

SOPRANOS.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl, His

RALPH with TENORS.

knock down-blow.

DEADEYE & BOATSN. with BASSES.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl, His

f *ff*

hair should twirl and his face should scowl; His eyes should flash and his breast pro - trude, And

hair should twirl and his face should scowl; His eyes should flash and his breast pro - trude, And

JOSEPHINE.
COUSIN HERE.

this should be his cus-tom-a-ry at-ti-tude. His eyes . . . should flash, his breast . . . pro-

RALPH.

this should be his cus-tom-a-ry at-ti-tude. His eyes . . . should flash, his breast . . . pro-

DEADEYE.

this should be his cus-tom-a-ry at-ti-tude. His eyes . . . should flash, his breast . . . pro-

BOATSWAIN.

this should be his cus-tom-a-ry at-ti-tude. His eyes . . . should flash, his breast . . . pro-

SOPRANOS.

this should be his cus-tom-a-ry at-ti-tude, his at-ti-tude, his

TENORS & BASSES.

this should be his cus-tom-a-ry at-ti-tude, his at-ti-tude, his

tude, His eyes . . . should flash, his eyes . . . should

tude, His eyes . . . should flash, his eyes . . . should

tude, His eyes . . . should flash, his eyes should

tude, His eyes . . . should flash, his eyes . . . should

tude, His eyes . . . should flash, his eyes . . . should

at-ti-tude, his custom-a-ry at-ti-tude, his

at-ti-tude, his custom-a-ry at-ti-tude, his

flash, his breast . . pro - trude, His eyes should flash,

flash, his breast . . pro - trude, His eyes should flash,

flash, his breast pro - trude, His eyes should flash, should flash,

flash, his breast . . pro - trude, His eyes should flash,

flash, his breast . . pro - trude, His eyes should flash,

at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude. His eyes,

at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude. His eyes,

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a series of quarter notes. The tempo is marked *Andante* and the dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

yes, . . . His eyes should

yes, . . . His eyes should

yes, . . . His eyes should

yes, . . . His eyes should

yes, . . . His eyes should

his eyes should, yes, His eyes should

his eyes should, yes, His eyes should

The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a series of quarter notes. The tempo is marked *Andante* and the dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

[illegible]

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ; His eyes should flash, His breast pro-trude, And this should be his

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ; His eyes should flash, His breast pro-trude, And this should be his

And this his at - - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - - ti - tude.

cus-tom - a - ry at - - - ti - tude.

cus-tom - a - ry at - - - ti - tude.

Sra.

ff

(End of 1st Act.)

ENTR'ACTE.

PIANO.

Tempo moderato.

p

rall. *p*

ACT II.

No. 13.

SONG—Captain Corcoran.

Moderato. CAPTAIN C.

Fair moon, to thee I sing!

Bright re-gent of the hea - vens, Say, why is ev - 'ry thing . . Ei - ther at six - es or at

se - vens? Say, why is ev - 'ry - thing Ei - ther at six - es or at se - vens? I have

liv'd hi - ther - to Free from the breath of slan - der, Be - lov'd by all my crew,

8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va.

PIANO.

p *fz* *p*

A real - ly po - pu - lar Com - man - der. But now my kind - ly crew re - bel, My

8va. *8va.* *8va.* *8va.* *8va.*

daughter to a tar is par - tial, Sir Jo - seph storms, and, sad to tell, He threat - ens a court

cra. *8va.*

mar - tial! Fair moon, to thee I sing! Bright re - gent of the hea - vens,

f *8va.* *dim.* *pp*

Say, why is ev - 'ry thing Ei - ther at six - es or at se - vens? Fair moon, to

8va. *8va.*

thee I'll sing, Bright re - gent of the heav'ns!

rall. *colla voce.* *p*

No. 14.

DUET—Mrs. Cripps & Captain Corcoran.

Allegro.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Things are sel-dom what they seem, Skim milk mas-que rades as cream;

PIANO.

CAPTAIN C.

High-lows pass as pa-tent lea-thers, Jack-daws strut in pea-cocks' fea-thers Ve-ry true, so they do.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Black sheep dwell in ev-ry fold, All that glit-ters is not gold; Storks turn out to

CAPTAIN C.

be but logs, Bulls are but in-flat-ed frogs. So they be, fre-quent-ly.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Drops the wind and stops the mill, Tur-bot is am-bi-tious brill; Gild the far-thing if you will,

CAPTAIN C.

Yet it is a far - thing still. Yes, I know, that is so: Tho' to catch your drift I'm striv - ing, It is

con Sva.

sha - dy, it is sha - dy, I don't see at what you're driving, Mys - tic la - dy, mys - tic la - dy.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Stern con - vic - tion's o'er him stealing That the mys - tic la - dy's dealing In o - ra - cu - lar re - veal - ing.

CAPTAIN C.

Stern con - vic - tion's o'er me stealing That the mys - tic la - dy's dealing In o - ra - cu - lar re - veal - ing.

That is so.

CAPTAIN C.

Yes, I know. Tho' I'm a - ny - thing but cle - ver I could talk like that for e - ver.

p *ff* *p*

MRS. CRIPPS.

Once a cat was kill'd by care, On - ly brave de - serve the fair. Ve - ry true, so they do.

f

CAPTAIN C.

Wink is of - ten good as nod, Spoils the child who spares the rod; Thirs - ty lambs run fox - y dan - gers,

p

MRS. CRIPPS. CAPTAIN C.

Dogs are found in ma - ny mangers. Fre-quentlee! I a-gree. Paw of cat the chest-nut snatches,

p

con 8va.

Worn out gar - ments show new patch-es; On - ly count the chick that hatch-es, Men are grown up catch - y catch-ies.

con 8va.

MRS. CRIPPS.

Yes, I know that is so, Tho' to catch my drift he's striv - ing, I'll dis - sem - ble! I'll dis -

sem - ble ! When he sees at what I'm driv - ing, Let him trem - ble, Let him trem - ble !

MRS. CRIPPS.

Tho' a mys - tic tone I bor - row, He will learn the truth with sor - row ; Here to - day and gone to - mor - row.

CAPTAIN C.

Tho' a mys - tic tone you bor - row, I shall learn the truth with sor - row ; Here to - day and gone to - mor - row.

That is so. I'll dis - sem - ble, I'll dis - sem - ble, Let him

Yes, I know. Tho' a mys - tic tone you bor - row, I shall learn the

tremble ! Let him tremble ! Let him tremble ! Yes, I know, that is so. *a tempo.*

truth to - mor - row, Here to - day and gone to - mor - row, Yes, I know, that is so. *a tempo.*

pp *a tempo.* *ff*

No. 15.

SCENA—Josephine.

VOICE. *Andante.* The hours creep on a - pace, My guilt - ty heart is quak - ing ;

PIANO.

Oh that I might re - trace The step that I am tak - ing ; It's fol - ly it were ea - sy to be

shew - ing : What I am giv - ing up, and whi - ther go . . . ing !

{ On the one hand, papa's luxurious home } brass-es, { Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome, } glass-es, { Rich Oriental rugs, } pil-lows, And
hung with ancestral armour and old } rare "blue and white" Venetian finger - }

ev - 'ry - thing that is - n't old, from Gil - lows ! { And, on the other, a dark and dingy room } cry - ing,
in some back street with stuffy children }

Where organs yell, and clacking housewives
fume, and clothes are hanging out all day a-
drying, With one cracked looking-
glass to see your face in, and dinner served up
in a pudding . ba-sin !

Allegro con spirito.
cres. Molto.

A sim - ple sai - lor, low - ly born; Un -

f

let - ter'd and un - known; Who toils for bread from ear - ly morn Till half the night has flown, Till

p

half the night has flown. No gold - en rank can he im-part, No wealth of house or land; No

p

cres. for - tune, save his trus - ty heart, And hon - est, brown right hand, his trus - ty heart, and brown right hand; And

cres. *f* *p*

yet he is so won-drous fair, That love for one so pass-ing rare, So peer-less in his man - ly beau - ty, Were

lit - tle else than so - lemn du - ty, Were lit - tle else than so - lemn du - - - ty! Oh god of

rallentando.

p

rall.

love and god of rea - son say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart o - bey? A sim - ple sai - lor,

ad lib.

a tempo.

p

a tempo.

low - ly born, Un - let-ter'd and un - known, No gold - en rank can he im-part, No wealth of house or

land; No for - tune, save his trus - ty heart, And hon - est, brown right hand, his trus - ty heart and right

hand, Oh god of love and god of rea-son, say, Which of you twain shall my poor
 heart, my poor heart o-bey, God of love, god of rea-son, god of rea-son,
 god of love, say, Which shall my poor heart o-bey? Oh
 god of love and god of rea-son say, Oh god of love and god of rea-son, say, Which of you
 twain shall my poor heart..... o-bey, my heart o-bey, which shall my
 heart..... o-bey.
 heart,..... my heart o-bey.

cres.
p
cres.
mf
p
cres.
fz
fz
fz
fz
ff
mf
ff

No. 16. TRIO—Josephine, Captain Corcoran, & Sir J. Porter.

JOSEPHINE.
3. Ne - ver
CAPTAIN C.
1. Ne - ver
SIR J. PORTER.
2. Ne - ver

Allegro vivace.
f

PIANO.
p

mind the why and where-fore, Love can le - vel ranks, and there - fore I ad - mit the ju - ris - dic - tion; A - bly
mind the why and where-fore, Love can le - vel ranks, and there - fore, Though his Lord-ship's sta - tion's migh - ty, Though stu -
mind the why and where-fore, Love can le - vel ranks, and there - fore, Though your nau - ti - cal re - la - tion In my

have you play'd your part, You have car - ried firm con - vic - tions To my hes - i - ta - ting heart,
pen - dous be his brain, Though her tastes are mean and fligh - ty, And her for - tune poor and plain—
set could scare - ly pass, Though you oc - cu - py a sta - tion In the low - er mid - dle class—

CAPTAIN C. & SIR J. PORTER. (*every time.*)
Ring the mer - ry bells on board ship, Rend the air with warb - ling wild, For the u - nion

CAPTAIN C. CAPTAIN C. (each verse.) JOSEPHINE. (each verse.)

SIR J. PORTER.
of his Lord-ship With a hum-ble cap-tain's child. For a hum-ble cap-tain's daugh-ter, For a
of my Lord-ship With a hum-ble cap-tain's child.

SIR J. PORTER. (each verse.) JOSEPHINE.

gal-lant cap-tain's daughter And a Lord who rules the wa-ter. And a tar who ploughs the wa-ter.

JOSEPHINE. 1ST & 2ND VERSES.

Let the air with joy be la--den, Rend with songs the air a--bove,

>CAPT. C. & SIR J. PORTER.

Let the air with joy be la--den, Rend with songs the air a--bove,

For the u-nion of a mai-den With the man who owns her love.

For the u-nion of a mai-den With the man who owns her love.

3RD VERSE.

Let the air with joy be la - den, CAPTAIN C. & SIR J. PORTER. For the u - nion of a maid - en,
 Ring the mer - ry bells on board ship,

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love,
 For her u - nion with his Lord - ship, Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love,

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love. . .
 Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love. . .

DUET—Captain Corcoran & Deadeye.

DEADEYE.

Kind Cap - tain, I've im - por - tant in - for - ma - - tion— Sing

PIANO

hey, the gal - lant Cap - tain that you are— A - bout a cer - tain in - ti - mate re

la - - - tion, Sing hey, the mer - ry mai - den and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, Sing hey, the mer - ry

DEADEYE.

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The

mai - den and the tar.

mai - den and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

Good fel - low, in con - un - drums you are speak - - ing— Sing hey, the sil - ly

sai - lor that you are— The ar - swers to them vain - ly am I

seek - - ing, Sing hey, the mer - ry mai - den and the tar. The

mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, Sing hey, the mer - ry mai - den
The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mai - den

and the tar.
and the tar.

DEADEYE.

3. Kind Cap - tain, your young la - dy is a - sigh - - ing— Sing hey, the gal - lant

Cap - tain that you are— This ve - ry night with Rack - straw to be

fly - - - ing, Sing hey, the mer - ry mai - den and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, Sing hey, the mer - ry
DEADEYE.

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The

mai - den and the tar.

mai - den and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

4. Good fel - low, you have giv - en time - ly warn - - ing— Sing hey, the thought - ful

sai - lor that you are— I'll talk to Mas - ter Rack - straw in the

morn - - ing, Sing hey, the cat - o' - nine - tails and the tar. The

mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails, The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails, The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails
The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails, The mer - ry cat, The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails

and the tar.
and the tar.

No. 18.

SOLI & CHORUS.

pp TENORS & BASSES.

Moderato.

PIANO.

pp

Care - ful - ly on tip - toe steal - ing, Breath - ing

gent - ly as we may, Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion feel - ing, We will

soft - ly creep a - way. Good - ness me! why, what was that? Si - lent

DEADEYE.

CHORUS OF MEN.

be, it was the cat! It was, it was the cat! They're

CAPTAIN C.

cres. *p*

pp CHORUS OF MEN.

right, it was the cat! Pull a - shore in fash - ion

dim. *pp*

stea - dy, Hy - men will de - fray the fare, For a cler - gy - man is

rea - dy To u - - nite the ha - py pair. Good-ness me, why, what was

that? Si - lent be, a - gain the cat! It was a - gain the

DEADEYE. CHORUS OF MEN.

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

JOSEPHINE.

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

RALPH.

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

CAPTAIN C.

cat! They're right, it was the cat! DEADEYE. with cau - tion

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

feel - ing, We will soft - ly creep a - way, Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

feel - ing, We will soft - ly creep a - way, Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

feel ing, They will soft - ly creep a - way, Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

feel - ing, They will soft - ly creep a - way, Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

CHORUS.
TENORS.
We will steal a - way, Ev - 'ry step, ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

BASSES.
We will steal a - way, Ev - 'ry step, ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

rall.

feel - ing, We will steal a - - - way.

rall.

feel - ing, We will steal a - - - way.

rall.

feel - ing, They will soft - - - ly steal a - way.

rall.

feel - ing, They will soft - - - ly steal a - way.

rall.

feel - ing, We will soft - - - ly steal a - way.

rall.

feel - ing, We will soft - - - ly steal a - way.

f *accl.*

CAPTAIN C.

Hold! Pret - ty daugh - ter of mine, I in - sist up - on know - ing

ff

Where you may be go - ing With these sons of the brine ; For my ex - - cel - lent crew, Tho'

con Sva.....

CHORUS OF MEN.

foes they could thump a-way, Are scarce-ly fit com - pan-y, My daugh - ter, for you. Now, hark at that, do ! Tho'

RALPH, *p*

foes we could thump a - ny, We're scarcely fit com - pa - ny For a la - dy like you ! Proud

p

con Sva.....

of - fi - cer, that haugh - ty lip un - curl ! Vain man, suppress that su - per - ci - lious sneer, For I have

CAPTAIN C.

dar'd to love your match - less girl, A fact well known to all my mess-mates here! Oh, hor - ror!

> JOSEPHINE. *p*

He, hum - ble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the port di - vi - sion— The

> RALPH.

I, hum - ble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the port di - vi - sion— The

p

p

butt of e - pau - let - ted scorn— The mark of quar - ter - deck de - ri - sion, Has dar'd to raise his

p

butt of e - pau - let - ted scorn— The mark of quar - ter - deck de - ri - sion, Have dar'd to raise my

cres. *ff*

worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to which you'd mould him, In man - hood's glo - rious pride to rise, He is an

cres. *ff*

worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to which you'd mould me, In man - hood's glo - rious pride to rise, I am an

Eng - - - lish - man, be - hold him!

Eng - - - lish - man, be - hold me!

BOATSWAIN. He

CHORUS. TENORS. *ff* He is an Eng - - - lish - man!

BASSES. *ff* He is an Eng - - - lish - man!

f

is an Eng - lish-man, For . . he him - self has said it, And it's great - ly to his cre - dit, That he

a tempo.

f *a tempo, p*

con Sva.

is an Eng - lish - man! For he might have been a

f That he is an Eng - lish - man!

f That he is an Eng - lish - man!

f *p*

Sva. *con Sva.*

Roo-sian, A French, or Turk or Proo-sian, Or per-haps I - tal - i - an!

TENORS & BASSES.

Or per-haps I - tal - i -

But in spite of all temp - ta - tions To be - long to o - ther na - tions, He re - mains an Eng - lish -

an!

man! He re - mains an Eng - - - - - lish man!

CHORUS OF MEN.

For in spite of all temp - ta - tions To be -

rall.

f

con 8va.

He re - mains an Eng - - - - - lish - man!

rall.

- long to o - ther na - tions, He re - mains an Eng - lish - man! He re - mains an Eng - - - - - lish - man!

8va.

con 8va.

CAPT. C.
Moderato.
 In ut - ter - ing a re - pro - ba - tion To a - ny Bri - tish tar, I try to speak with

mod - e - ra - tion, But you have gone too far. I'm ve - ry sor - ry to dis - par - age A

hum - ble fore - mast lad, But to seek your cap - tain's child in mar - riage Why, dam - me, it's too

con Sva.

COUSIN HEBE.
 bad ! Yes, damme, it's too bad ! Yes, damme, it's too bad ! Did you

DEADEYE.
 Yes, damme, it's too bad !

SOPRANOS.
ff Oh ! *ff* Oh !

TENORS & BASSES.
ff Oh ! *ff* Oh !

ff *f* *ff* *f* *p*

con Sva.

hear him— did you hear him? Oh, the mon - ster o - - ver - bear - ing! Don't go

pp CHORUS.

He said dam - me, he said dam - me, Yes, he said dam - me,

pp He said dam - me, he said dam - me, Yes, he said

near him— don't go near him— He is swearing— he is swearing! My

He said dam-me, He said dam-me, Yes, dam-me.

dam-me, dam-me, dam-me, dam-me, dam-me, Yes, dam-me.

SIR J. PORTER.

pain and my dis - tress, I find it is not ea - sy to ex - press; My a - maze-ment—my sur -

Moderato.

p

CAPTAIN C.

prise— You may learn from the ex - pres - sion of my eyes ! My lord— one word— the facts are not be - fore you ! The

con 8va.

word was in - ju - di - cious, I al - low, But hear my ex - pla - na - tion, I im - plore you, And

con 8va. *con 8va.*

SIR J. PORTER.

you will be in - dig - nant too, I vow ! I will hear of no de - fence, At - tempt none if you're

con 8va.

sen - si - ble. That word of e - vil sense, Is whol - ly in - de - fen - si - ble. Go, ri - bald, get you

fz

hence To your ca - bin with ce - le - ri - ty. This is the con - se - quence Of ill - ad - vised as - pe - ri - ty !

SIR J. PORTER.

stringendo molto.

Thus all shall learn, ere long, To re -

p SOPRANOS.
This is the con - se - quence Of ill - ad-vis'd as - pe - ri - ty!

p TENORS & BASSES.
This is the con - se - quence Of ill - ad-vis'd as - pe - ri - ty!

stringendo molto.

COUSIN HEBE. *sempré stringendo.*

- frain from lan-guage strong, For I haven't a - ny sym - pa - thy for ill - bred taunts! No more have his sis - ters, and his

stringendo molto. *sempré stringendo.*

cou - sins, and his aunts.

cres. *vivace.*

No more have his sis - ters, and his cou - sins, and his aunts, No more have his sis - ters, and his

No more have his sis - ters, and his cou - sins, and his aunts, No more have his sis - ters, and his

vivace.

con - sins, and his aunts, His cou - sins, and his sis - ters, And his sis - ters, and his con - sins, and his

cou - sins, and his aunts, His cou - sins, and his sis - ters, And his sis - ters, and his con - sins, and his

f

aunts ! . . . For he is an Eng - lish - man ! . . . And

aunts ! . . . For he is an Eng - lish - man ! . . . And

f *ff*

And it's

he him - self has said it, And it's great - ly to his cre - dit,

he him - self has said it, And it's great - ly to his cre - dit,

That he . . . That he is . . . an . . .

That he is an Eng - lish - man, . . . That he is . . . an . . .

That he is an Eng - lish - man, . . . That he is . . . an . . .

8va

rall.

Eng . . . lish - man !

Eng . . . lish - man !

rall.

con 8va.

No. 19.

OCTETT & CHORUS.

RALPH.

Allegretto moderato.

Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare - well ! For crime un-

PIANO,

JOSEPHINE.

- known I go to a dun - geon cell. I will a - tone ; In the meantime, fare-well !

SIR J. PORTER.

And all a - lone Re-joice in your dun - geon cell ! A bone, a bone I'll

pick with this sai - lor fell ; Let him be shown At once to his dun - geon cell.

COUSIN HEBB.

He'll hear no tone Of the mai - den he loves so well! No te - le -

DEADEYE.

He'll hear no tone Of the mai - den he loves so well! No te - le -

BOATSWAIN.

He'll hear no tone Of the mai - den he loves so well! No te - le -

BOATSWAIN'S-MATE.

He'll hear no tone Of the mai - den he loves so well! No te - le -

MRS. CRIPPS.

- phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell! But when is known . . The

- phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell!

- phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell!

- phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell!

se - cret I have to tell, Wide will be thrown, The door of his dun - geon cell.

cres.

mf JOSEPHINE.

Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare - well ! And all a .

mf COUSIN HEBE.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! Let him be

mf MRS. CRIPPS.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! For crime un .

mf RALPH.

Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare - well ! For crime un .

mf SIR J. PORTER.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! Let him be

mf DEALEYE.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! For crime un .

mf BOATSWAIN.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! For crime un .

mf BOATSWAIN'S-MATE.

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well ! For crime un .

CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

For crime un .

TENORS & BASSES.

For crime un .

cres. *molto.*
 lone Re - joice in your dun - - geon, your dun - - geon cell !

cres. *molto.*
 shown At once to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !

cres. *molto.*
 - known He goes to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !

cres. *molto.*
 - known I go to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !

cres. *molto.*
 shown At once to his dun - - geon, his dun - - geon cell !

cres. *molto.*
 - known He goes to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !

cres. *molto.*
 - known He goes to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !

cres. *molto.*
 - known He goes to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !

cres. *molto.*
 - known He goes to a dun - - geon, a dun - - geon cell !

trem. *trem.* *f*

Sia J. Foxman.

My pain and my dis-tress, A - gain it is not ea - sy to ex - press; My a -

- maze - ment, my sur - prise, A - gain you may dis - co - ver from my eyes!

CHORUS, *p*

How *p*

How

MRS. CRIPPS.

Hold! Ere up - on your

ter - ri - ble the as - pect of his eyes!

ter - ri - ble the as - pect of his eyes!

loss you lay much stress, A long - con - ceal - ed crime I would con - fess!

No. 20.

LEGEND—Mrs. Cripps & Chorus.

Mrs. CRIPPS.

1. A

FIANO

tremolo.

ma - ny years a - go, When I was young and charming, As some of you may know, I

prac - tis'd ba - by - farm-ing.

SOPRANOS.
Now this is most a - larm-ing! When she was young and charming She

TENORS & BASSES.
Now this is most a - larm-ing! When she was young and charming She

Two ten - der babes I nuss'd

prac - tis'd ba - by - farming, A ma - ny years a - go!

prac - tis'd ba - by - farming, A ma - ny years a - go!

One was of low con - di-tion, The o - ther up - per - crust, A re gu - lar pa - tri-cian.

Now

Now

cres. *sf* *p*

this is the po - si-tion,— One was of low con - di-tion, The o - ther a pa - tri-cian, A

this is the po - si-tion,— One was of low con - di-tion, The o - ther a pa - tri-cian, A

cres. *p*

cres.

ma - ny years a - go !

ma - ny years a - go !

MRS. CRIPPS.

2. Oh,

p

bit - ter is my cup ! How e - ver could I do it ? I mix'd those chil - dren up, And

not a crea - ture knew it !

SOPRANOS.
How - e - ver could you do it ? Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it, Al -

TENORS & BASSES.
How - e - ver could you do it ? Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it, Al -

In time each lit - tle waif For -

- though no crea - ture knew it, So ma - ny years a - go !

- though no crea - ture knew it, So ma - ny years a - go !

- sook his fos - ter - mo-ther : The well-born babe was Ralph— Your cap - tain was the o - ther !

They

They

cres. *sf* *p*

p Mrs. CRIPPS

left their fos - ter - mo-ther, The one was Ralph, our bro-ther, Our cap-tain was the o - ther, A

left their fos - ter - mo-ther, The one was Ralph, our bro-ther, Our cap-tain was the o - ther, A

cres. *p* *cres.* *cres.*

rall.

ma - ny years a - go !

rall.

ma - ny years a - go !

rall.

ma - ny years a - go !

a tempo. *p*

No. 21.

FINALE.

JOSEPHINE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-for-seen! The cloud-ed sky is

COUSIN HEBE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-for-seen! The cloud-ed sky is

RALPH.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-for-seen! The cloud-ed sky is

DEADEYE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-for-seen! The cloud-ed sky is

PIANO

f Allegro vivace.

now se-rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove; The sky is all a -

now se-rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove; The sky is all a -

now se-rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove; The sky is all a -

now se-rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove; The sky is all a -

- blaze. We'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the

- blaze. We'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the

- blaze. With woo-ing words and lov-ing song They'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the

- blaze. With woo-ing words They'll chase the lag-ging hours a - - long, And if he finds the

maid-en coy, We'll mur-mur forth de-co-rous joy, In dream - - - y roun-de-

maid-en coy, They'll mur-mur forth de-co-rous joy, In dream - - - y roun-de-

maid-en coy, We'll mur-mur forth de-co-rous joy, In dream - - - y roun-de-

maid-en coy, He'll mur-mur forth de-co-rous joy, In dream - y roun - - - de-lay, in roun-de-

- lays.

- lays.

- lays.

CAPTAIN C. CHORUS. CAPTAIN C.

- lays. For he is the cap-tain of the Fin-a-fore, And a right good cap-tain too! And

CHORUS OF MEN.

though be - fore my fall I was cap - tain of you all, I'm a mem - ber of the crew. And

CAPTAIN C.

tho' be - fore his fall He was cap - tain of us all, He's a mem - ber of the crew. I shall

mar - ry with a wife In my hum - ble rank of life! And you, my own, are she. I must

CHORUS OF MEN.

wan - der to and fro, But where - e - ver I may go, I shall ne - ver be un - true to thee! What,

ne - ver? No, ne - ver! What, ne - ver? Hardly e - ver! Hardly e - ver be un - true to

TENORS only.

thee. Then give three cheers, and one cheer more For the for-mer cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore*, Then

p Give three cheers, and one cheer more For the for-mer cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore*, Then

f

con Sva.

MRS. CRIPPS.

give three cheers, and one cheer more For the cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore*. For he

give three cheers, and one cheer more For the cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore*.

con Sva.

loves lit - tle But - ter - cup, dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Though I could ne - ver tell why; . . .

p

. . . But still he loves But - ter - cup, poor lit - tle But - ter - cup, Sweet lit - tle But - ter - cup, aye!

Tutti. CHORUS. f

For he loves lit - tle But - ter - cup, dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Though I could ne - ver tell why ;

SIR J. PORTER.

But still he loves But - ter - cup, dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, sweet lit - tle But - ter - cup aye! I'm the

COUSIN HEBE.

mon - arch of the sea, And when I've mar - ried thee I'll be true to the de - vo - tion that my love im - plants, Then good -

Stringendo molto.

- bye to your sis - ters, and your cou - sins, and your aunts, Es - pe - cial - ly your cou - sins, Whom you

Tutti. CHORUS Vivace. SOPRANOS.

reck - on up by do - zens. Then good - bye to your sis - ters, and your cou - sins, and your aunts, Es -

TENORS & BASSES.

Then good - bye to your sis - ters, and your cou - sins, and your aunts, Es -

Vivace.

pe - cial - ly your cou - sins, Whom you reck - on up by do - zens, and your aunts ! . . . For he

pe - cial - ly your cou - sins, Whom you reck - on up by do - zens, and your aunts ! . . . For he

is an Eng - lish - man ! . . . For he him - self has said it,

is an Eng - lish - man ! . . . For he him - self has said it,

And it's That he

And it's great - ly to his cre - dit, That he is an Eng - lish -

And it's great - ly to his ere - dit, That he is an Eng - lish -

That he is . . . an . . .

man, . . . That he is . . . an . . . Eng - lish -

man, . . . That he is . . . an . . . Eng - lish -

Sva

con Sva

• man!

• man!

(Curtain.)



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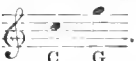
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